

Poetical Selections.

BE KIND.

BY AN UNKNOWN WRITER.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen:
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee she will pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn:
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are:
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer, and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of pure sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
The kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

RAISING THE "OLD BOY!"

IT WAS a dark and tempestuous night
A night to fill the soul with fright;
The thunders pealed, the lightning flashed,
The wild beasts squealed and the elements
clashed, while the rain from above in tor-
rents dashed, when a poor preacher of
the gospel wended his way through the
dismal intricacies of a Western forest
many years ago.

The poor man felt anything but com-
fortable, for he was wet through to the
skin, and almost tired to death. He had
been tramping around since morning,
beside he had lost his way, so the reader
can guess the state of mind he was in,
and also appreciate the sudden transition
from despair to hope which he experi-
enced on seeing the glimmer of a light
ahead. He quickened his flagging foot-
steps and soon came up to the light
which issued from the only window of a
solitary log cabin in the forest.

Remembering the scriptural injunc-
tion, "knock and it shall be opened unto
you," he did so; but without meeting
with any response. He wrapped again
louder than before, and this time a gruff
female voice asked:

"Who's there?"
"It's I," was the definite reply of our
rain-soaked parson.

"Well, who are you and what do you
want?" asked the voice, gruffer than be-
fore.

"A poor, benighted preacher of the
gospel who has lost his way, and who
wishes to stay here to-night," answered
the parson, in a dolorous voice.

"Well, stay there—I don't see what's
to hinder you!"

"But I am almost starved, and I will
pay you liberally for some supper," he
responded, chattering with cold and not
in the least appreciating the joke.

The words "liberal pay" acted like
open sesame! and after a few moments
of delay, occasioned by the unfastening
of the door, it was opened and our parson
entered.

He found himself in a rough apart-
ment with a large fire place at one end
on which a great log fire was blazing;
a rough deal table and three chairs, be-
sides a box filled with dry flax, comprised
the furniture.

But all minor deficiencies seemed to be
more than made up by the lady of the
house, for she was fully six feet in height
and weighed nigh unto three hundred
pounds.

After having placed some food on the
table she turned to the parson, who stood
shivering before the fire, making futile
attempts to dry himself by alternately
turning one side, then the other to the
fire.

"Now I want you to eat this grub as
quick as you know how, and then tramp
for it's perfectly impossible for me to
keep you here over night."

"But, my good woman," said the par-
son, anxiously "I shall perish in this in-
clement weather; I have been wandering
in this fearful storm ever since morning
and if you have any compassion or pity
at all you will try and give me some
place where I can be sheltered from this

storm for the night," and he offered her
a five dollar note.

"Well," said the woman, avariciously
clutching the money, "If you think you
can stay in the garret, maybe you can
stay; but hurry up, for I expect my hus-
band home every minute and it's as
much as your life is worth if he should
find you here, for he's a very devil in-
carnate and would think no more of
murdering you than he would of shooting
a grizzly!"

The woman produced a short ladder
as she spoke, and bade the parson to get
up in the garret.

There was a small "drop" or trap
door in the ceiling, which raised of its
own accord on the parson's head press-
ing it upward, and not without some
difficulty he managed to squeeze himself
through the aperture.

After he was up, the woman told him
to shut the trap and not make any noise
for his life, and then taking the ladder
away, the parson was left to his own re-
flections.

Wet and uncomfortable as he was, such
was his fatigue that he had almost fallen
asleep when he was disturbed by some
one's knocking at the door.

Being somewhat curious to know what
sort of a man his unknown host was, he
arose and peered through a small crack
in the floor into the room beneath.

He saw the woman open the door cau-
tiously, and after admitting a short, thick
set man, in a heavy cloak, lock and bolt
it again.

From the mysterious actions and whis-
perings that ensued, our parson rightly
concluded that the person who had just
entered was not the woman's husband,
but her paramour, who had taken advan-
tage of the husband's absence to pay the
woman a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for awhile
the woman went to a cupboard and pro-
duced a bottle of whisky and a plate of
ham and bread, which she set upon the
table, and the twain were soon engaged
in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the
guilty couple there came a thundering
knocking at the door, which caused them
both to jump to their feet in the greatest
consternation. Without a moment's loss
of time, the woman ran to the large box
of flax and emptied its contents upon the
floor; she then bade the man, who was
almost scared to death, to get into the
flax, which he was only too glad to do,
and when he was in she rapidly covered
him up with the flax. The woman then
ran to the door and unbolted it, all the
time rubbing her eyes as if just awak-
ened out of her sleep.

"Why the devil don't you let a feller
stand out there all night!" exclaimed
the new-comer, a tall, powerful, villainous
looking man, clad in a hunter's garb, as
he dealt her a ringing box on the ear.

"I was asleep and didn't hear you 'be-
fore!" whimpered the woman. "And
don't, for God's sake curse so much, for
there's a Methodist minister in the gar-
ret!"

"Who cares for Methodist ministers,
I'd like to know? But I'll soon have
him out of his hole! Here, you old
canting hypocrite, come out o' this and
show yourself, or I'll make you!" he ex-
claimed, with many imprecations, as he
set the ladder before the trap door.

The poor parson, almost dead with
fright, slowly descended the ladder, look-
ing as white as a ghost; for from the ruf-
fian's manner, he expected that he would
be a ghost shortly.

"Don't hurt the poor man! See how
sickly he looks," exclaimed the woman,
pitying the poor parson's distress.

"You shut up and mind yer own busi-
ness, or it'll be worse for you," was the
gracious reply of her lord; then, turn-
ing to the trembling parson, he asked:

"Are you a Methodist preacher, and
do you believe in hell and the devil?"

The parson replied in the affirmative.
"Well, then, by the eternal, I don't!
and if you believe in the devil, you'll
either make him appear, or I'll cut yer
lying throat and make you appear before
him!" and he drew his bowie-knife in a
threatening manner.

The poor preacher was in anything
but an enviable situation, and thoughts
of the other world began to fill his mind
with anxious forebodings; for it is a re-
markable fact that however much cler-
gymen may preach and talk of the joys
and bliss of the other world, they prefer
to have others go and enjoy it.

This may be self-abnegation or pure
unselfishness—Heaven knows!

"Are you most ready?" asked the
ruffian, raising his knife as he saw how
the other hesitated. "I'll give you just
three minutes, and if the devil is not
here then, you'll be with the devil!"

"My friend," said the parson, into
whose head a brilliant idea had popped,
"that there is a hell is a well established
fact, as I can prove by hundreds of writ-
ers, and that the devil exists allows
no contradiction, and that I have the
power to make him appear is also true;
but dreadful for you will be the conse-
quence if he does! Better if you had
never been born than to see Satan face to
face in the wicked state which you are
in!"

"D—n you, stop your preaching and
call the old boy. I'll stand the conse-
quences; and be quick about it, for time's
up!"

The parson went to the fire-place and
took thence a burning brand, which he
applied to the box of dried flax. It
blazed up almost like gunpowder, and
the unearthly yell that issued from the
poor devil in the box was truly appalling.

With an acrobatic power of the pos-
session of which he was himself un-
aware, he leaped out of the box covered
from head to foot with the burning flax.
With roars and howls of agony he made
straight for the door, but he was not so
quick as the owner of the premises, for
with one look of terror at the burning
figure he fled out of the house, closely
followed by his "Santanic Majesty."

When they were both gone, the parson
gave his hostess a short but effective lec-
ture on conjugal duties, after which he
seated himself comfortably before the
fire.

When the woman's husband returned
he treated the parson with the greatest
respect, fully convinced that he had the
power to raise the devil at will.

An Amusing Incident.

AS a drayman was furiously beating
his lank, half-starved mule, near
the Government Square, Havana, he was
astonished to hear the animal exclaim:

"Enough, you brute!"
The drayman looked aghast, and search-
ed under his dray and around his mule
to find the origin of this sepulchral voice,
when he was again horrified to hear from
the animal, to all appearances:

"You are a brute!"
The drayman was dumbfounded, and
trembled like an aspen leaf, and dropped
his whip as if stung by an adder. He
blessed himself, and was about falling on
his knees, when he again heard:

"I was your mother once upon a time."

This capped the climax, and a gentle-
man from the crowd, that had gathered
around, endeavored to explain to the ter-
ror-stricken drayman, that sometimes
disembodied spirits return to the world
in the form of animals. Just this mo-
ment Signor Blitz, accompanied by his two
friends, who had been looking on the
strange scene and enjoying the fun, ad-
joined to the Union Coffee House, on
the neighboring corner, and left the
crowd endeavoring to induce the animal
to speak again, and the drayman embrac-
ing the mule in a most filial manner.

A Dishonest Trader Outwitted.

A Sailor from one of the lake fleet
vessels went into a shop in Milwaukee
and purchased goods to the amount of
fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he
said: "There is a two dollar bill—give
me the change." A glance showed the
storekeeper that the bill was a "V," and
hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he
gave back the change. After Jack was
gone the man went to the drawer and
found that the bill was a "V," to be
sure, but was the worst counterfeit ever
seen. Indignant at the treatment, Jack
was found by the storekeeper and threat-
ened, but Jack was ready, and showed by
a comrade that he received but a dollar
and a half in change, so that he could
not have given the man the bill. After
a little talk the matter was allowed to
drop by the storekeeper, who had prob-
ably learned something he did not know
before.

"Sound on the Goose."

A pious old negro woman was once
caught by her master stealing a goose;
and the next Sunday she partook of the
communion, after which her master ac-
cused her as follows:

"Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at
the communion table!"
"Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was
'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob his fam-
ily."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see
you there!" he said. "How is it about
the goose?"
She looked a little surprised, as if
she didn't comprehend the cause of his
wonder; but soon catching the meaning
exclaimed:

"Why, sar, do you tink I'se a goin' to
let an old goose stand between me and
my Maker?"

A Bold American.

THE Mexican Republic has become
the theatre of most extraordinary
exploits, and one hears in his travels
marvellous tales of robbery and of the
habits of those who live by theft. A
story was recently told the writer which
is quite interesting, and besides, it has
the advantage of being well vouched
for.

A diligence was on its way from the
capital to Vera Cruz. It was well filled
with passengers, all of whom were Mex-
icans except an American and his sister.
At a certain point in the road a platoon
of greasers presented themselves, guns in
hand, and hailed the coach. No reply
was made to the brigands until they ap-
proached quite near. Then the Ameri-
can, who was riding outside with the
driver, quietly raised his gun, which
had been lying across his lap, cocked it,
and at once presented it at the robbers.
He cried out to them to stop, and threat-
ened, in case he was not heeded, to fire.
The brigands were astonished at the bold-
ness of our hero, and seeing that he was
firmly resolved to fight, began to parley.
"Why stop us, what do you want?"
cried the robbers. "Stop at once, or I
will fire," retorted the traveller. The
Mexicans who were inside the coach,
half dead with fear, begged the American
not to fire, as they would, in such event
not only lose all their effects, but their
lives also. But boldly he confronted
the party and answered all questions
asked.

At this moment the leader of the Mex-
icans asked of the American, "How
many trunks have you?" "I have three;
two are my sister's, one is mine," "Well,"
exclaimed the captain of the band, "we
propose this: We will not rob you; your
sister's baggage shall be likewise respect-
ed; but you must not interfere, as we
shall take all that those other fellows have.
You agree not to shoot?" "Done," re-
plied the American, and the bargain was
concluded. The Mexicans approached
the boot of the stage, but our hero kept
his eyes all the while on their movements
and his hand upon his rifle. "Is this
your trunk, sir?" one of the robbers ask-
ed. "That's mine." "All right," ex-
claimed the robber; "it shall not be open-
ed," in this way they continued the in-
vestigation, lying out on the roadside
every trunk that did not bear the initials
of the brother or sister. "Very well,"
cried the robbers; "and now to work."

They took out of the remaining trunks
and bundles everything, and having fin-
ished the job, turned to the American
and said: "You are a good fellow and
an honorable man;" and he likewise in
turn, complimented them for the exceed-
ingly gentlemanly manner in which they
had conducted themselves. "And now
we are so much charmed by your bravery
and resolution that we should like, each
of us, to embrace you," said they. "No,
gentlemen, I am much obliged to you;
consider that as done. I have never met
a more agreeable party of high-toned
gentlemen in my life. And now Mr.
Driver, go ahead! Good day, gentlemen."
Enthusiastic adieus were waved by our
hero and the brigands, and the diligence
was soon out of sight. The Mexicans in-
side, who since the near approach of the
robbers had not uttered a word, now re-
covered their self possession, and railed
at their brave fellow traveller for not hav-
ing saved their trunks and effects as well
as his own.

A Curious Custom.

IT was the custom of Babylon, five hun-
dred years before the Christian era,
to have an annual auction of the unmar-
ried ladies. In every year, on a certain
stated day, each district assembled all its
virgins of marriageable age. The most
beautiful were put up first, and the man
who bid the highest gained possession of
her. The second in personal charms
followed her, and so on, so that bidders
might gratify themselves with handsome
wives, according to the health of their
purses. There may yet remain in Baby-
lon some for whom no money was offered,
but the provident Babylonians managed
that. When all the comely ones are
sold, the crier orders the most deformed
to stand up, and after demanding who
will marry her for a small sum, she is ad-
judged to him who is satisfied with the
least; and in this manner the money
raised from sale of the handsome, serves
as a portion to those who are either of
disagreeable looks, or that have any other
imperfection.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to
the good, among his descendants, home
is Paradise.

SUNDAY READING.

Nancy's Secret.

There once lived in an old brown cot-
tage a solitary woman. She tended her
little garden, and knit and spun for her
living. She was known everywhere as
"Happy Nancy." She had no money,
no family, no relatives, and was half
blind, quite lame, and very crooked.—
There was no comeliness in her, and yet
there, in that homely deformed body, the
great God, who loves to bring strength out
of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well Nancy, singing again?" would
the chance visitor say as he stopped at
her door.

"Oh yes, I'm forever at it."
"I wish you'd tell me your secret
Nancy. You are all alone, you work hard,
you have nothing very pleasant surround-
ing you; what is the reason you're so
happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got
anybody but God," replied the good
creature, looking upward. "You see
rich folks like to depend upon their fam-
ilies and their houses; they've got to
be thinking about their business, of their
wives and children; and then they're al-
ways mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I
ain't got anything to trouble myself
about you see, 'cause I leave all to the
Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this
great world in such good order, the sun
rolling day after day, and the stars shin-
ing night after night, and make my gar-
den things come up the same, season af-
ter season, he can certainly take care of
such a poor thing as I am; and so you
see I leave it all to the Lord, and the
Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost
comes after your fruit trees are all in
blossom, and your plants out; suppose—
"But I don't suppose, I never can sup-
pose, I don't want to suppose, except that
the Lord will do everything right. That's
what makes you people unhappy; you're
all the time supposing. Now, why can't
you wait till the suppose comes, and then
make the best of it?"

Let Him that Heareth Say "Come."

It is the duty of every one who knows
the good news of salvation through
Christ to tell the good news, as he has
opportunity and ability, to his companion
who does not know it, that he too may be
saved. It is the duty of every Christian
who can, to tell the good news to a Sun-
day School class of children, or of young
men, or of adults, or to a meeting of
prayer and conference, or to any other
appropriate meeting, where it will pro-
mote the glory of God and the good of
men, and to exhort men to come to Jesus.
These duties are done daily by earnest,
working Christians. They are done in
accordance with the divine injunction:
"Let him that heareth say, 'Come.'"

A Time to Laugh.

Beecher says: "There is a time to
laugh. When it comes, every Christian
should improve it. Moreover, it is par-
ticularly incumbent on ministers to set
the flock a good example in this respect.
A merry heart doeth good like a medi-
cine, and is much easier to take. The
minister has no right to wear himself
out by unnecessary friction, when the oil
of gladness is dropping upon the pas-
tures from every side. To maintain
cheerfulness, even in the face of real dif-
ficulty and trouble, is one of the crown-
ing graces of Christianity, and the min-
ister even beyond other men should seek
for it."

Things to Remember.

Leisure is the time for doing something
useful. This leisure the diligent man
will obtain, but the lazy man, never; so
that, as poor Richard says, "A life of
leisure and a life of laziness are two
things."

It is not what people eat, but what they
digest, that makes them strong. It is not
what they gain, but what they save, that
makes them rich. It is not what they
read, but what they remember, that
makes them learned. It is not what they
profess, but what they practice, that
makes them righteous.

He who cannot find time to con-
sult his Bible, will one day find time
to be sick; he who has not time to pray
must find time to die; he who can find
no time to reflect is most likely to find
time to sin; he who cannot find time for
repentance will find an eternity in which
repentance will be of no avail; he who
cannot find time to work for others, may
find an eternity in which to suffer for
himself.